

No Tickets to the Funeral

Redemption

Pile the bodies higher,
climb to the top so the world can see
The depth of your sympathy,
worn as it is upon your sleeve
Where's the true compassion
in this vapid, sickly cult
of worshiping celebrity?

There won't be any tickets to this funeral
(The curtain is falling)
There won't be any story in the news
(Silenced)
No voyeurs masquerading as mourners
There won't be any tickets left for you
Left for you!

Struck with my mortality
Dazed by the reality forced upon my eyes
Dying from the time we're born,
but few are prepared to be told it's time
Tell my friends I fought,
tell my friends I struggled,
tell my friends I gave it all I had!

There won't be any tickets to this funeral
(The curtain is falling)
There won't be any story in the news
(Silenced)
No voyeurs masquerading as mourners
There won't be any tickets left for you
Left for you!

A single one's a tragedy, a million a statistic,
and now it's all come down to me
(The funeral is about to begin!)

A single one's a tragedy, a million a statistic,
and now it's all come down to me
(To me)

There won't be any tickets to this funeral
(The curtain is falling)
There won't be any story in the news
(Silenced)
No voyeurs masquerading as mourners
There won't be any tickets left for you
Left for you! (4x)